DREAMS OF THE DECCAN

ALL sensitive natures know the sharply marked impression one receives from various types of scenery. The soft-hued atmosphere of an Irish landscape, whose floating clouds with their changing shadows are said to have produced the uncertain, variable character of the people. The matchless splendour of a Mediterranean sunset seen from the terraces of the frescoed palaces of the knights, where the cactus hedges spread like giant hands towards the flaming sky, and the silhouettes of the monks stand out black and sharp against the glow in the monastery grounds as the bells of the angelus peal over the rocky island from a hundred churches. The dazzling beauty of the Indian hills, the mauve and white of the sparkling peaks of the Himalayas, where the snow lies thick and white as a soft bed promising rest, and the shadows of the awful crevasses appear as giant violets to the distant eye, speaking of all that is sweet and soothing. Or the gold of an evening in the Ghauts, when

15 the